

THE LIBERATOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.
AT THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, 21, CORNHILL.
ROBERT F. WALLCUT, GENERAL AGENT.
All remittances are to be made, and all letters relating to the pecuniary concerns of the paper are to be directed, (post paid,) to the General Agent.
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Financial Committee.—FRANCIS JACKSON, ELIAS LEE, EDWARD QUINCY, SAMUEL PHILLIPS, WILLIAM PATRICK.
[This committee is responsible for the financial economy of the paper.]
WM. LOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

VOL. XVII.—NO. 42.

REFUGE OF OPPRESSION

The following is part of a letter to the Harbinger, dated 25, and is from a Southern Tourist, apparently, who proposes to apply 'aerial mechanism' to the slave. The following is all the editorial remark that we can give. The following is all the editorial remark that we can give. The following is all the editorial remark that we can give.

THE LETTER.

Post the influence of music, to which the Negro race are peculiarly attached, having generally been regarded as a very large plantation; if a good working hand, so much the better; if a good working hand, so much the better; if a good working hand, so much the better.

There is also a higher point of view from which the question may be considered—the responsibility of the master to guarantee to his slave opportunities of spiritual development, equal or superior to those he would enjoy if emancipated. They are entitled to his own views on the subject of education. Most Negroes would, however, consider being taught to read and write in the ordinary manner as an unheard of piece of tyranny, worse than any field or factory work that could be imposed upon them, and would soon console themselves by forgetting it all. Others would glory in it, and perhaps make an inconsistent use of their knowledge, and the resources thus attained, would in no case be very likely to add much to their happiness. To how many educated whites does book knowledge compensate for the pains attending its acquisition, and the loss of that practical sentiment of unity with the outward world, which nature develops in those who read in her language?

Based on the laborer's life goes to his muscles; his brain is quiescent, he cares not to read. The education which music gives the soul, is free from all these objections. It is learned by the Negro with ease and pleasure. It bases itself on the sentiment of his nature, which is stronger than the intellect, more susceptible of refinement, more pervasive in its influence. The degree of intellectual culture is not higher, without entangling him in the vexed questions of our incoherent society, its morals, politics, or sectarianism. It lifts him out of a low and narrow groove, and even a jealousy of our better world, may in its celestial transfiguration become a seraphic harp of the divine voice.

The impugned zeal of the abolitionists must be estimated by the South on the principle of absolute justice—namely, by making the slaves so happy where they are, that the simple slavery of the North, equivalent as it is to a life of misery, cut off from social ties and guarantees of protection, in a better climate unsuited to their constitution, will be rejected with disgust.

The problem with a race so passive, light-hearted, and reverential, as one of mere child-like enthusiasm, and the selfish civilization of the North and South, these subjects as his intellectual life, which he has been upon. Before leaving the sphere of the senses, I would remark, that the table of our plantations is open to such improvement. Park and mead with molasses in some sections constitute the Negro's allowance. This may do for poverty-stricken Eastern Virginia, or North Carolina, whites live no better; but in fruit countries, why not give a greater variety?



OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1847.

THE LIBERATOR.

THE LATE SAMUEL YOUNG.
DANA MILLS, Canada West, Dec. 23d, 1847.
MY DEAR FRIEND GARRISON:

You have probably been informed, ere this, through Francis Jackson, to whom I wrote last Wednesday, of the death of the slave's friend and brother, Rev. Samuel Young of Williamsburg, Long Island. He died at Waterloo, near Queen's Bush, Canada West, at the dawn of Sabbath morning, 12th inst., and on the 13th, at 2 o'clock, P. M. He was buried at Mount Hope, (Queen's Bush), 16 miles from Waterloo. Truly a good man has fallen! apparently in the meridian of life! It was his intention to prepare for the Liberator a full statement respecting his exceedingly interesting and important mission to this country, but in this his prospects were blasted. As I was providentially with him much of the time for several weeks before his death, and constantly in attendance during his illness, having been earnestly requested by him to publish in the columns of your paper the facts in the case, which I engaged to do, I now proceed to the discharge of this sacred duty.

His great undertaking, as the friend and protector of Isaac Brown, and his numerous family of eleven persons from the house of bondage, in the extremely difficult and perilous circumstances of his flight, was sufficient of itself to immortalize his name. Of the early history of Brother Samuel Young, I know but little. He was born in Essex, New Jersey, near Newark, in 1806. His parents were poor. So early in life was he thrown upon the world as an orphan boy, that he could not remember ever having heard his father or mother speak to him. Many years ago, he was led by Divine Providence, out of the mazes of infidelity and became a Christian and a faithful Christian minister. Doubtless, thousands can bear testimony to his zeal and fidelity in the great and good work to which he was called.

I first became acquainted with him in Detroit, Mich., the latter part of July last, he having just arrived there in safety with the persecuted family aforesaid. I received a letter from yourself, the following extract of which I venture to give to the public: 'In his flight, he (Isaac Brown) has been accompanied by a most devoted and benevolent white friend, Samuel Young, of Williamsburg, N. Y., who will probably see them to the Canada line; there is not a man in ten thousand who would have put himself to so much anxiety, trouble and risk, without a thought of remuneration! Heaven reward him here and hereafter!' I had the pleasure of conducting Isaac and family five miles or more to their destination, where they are comfortably located, brother Young accompanying.

As there could be no doubt of a hot pursuit of the Maryland slaveholders for the purpose of getting Isaac back again into bondage under charge of crime, Mr. Young was advised by a learned lawyer in Detroit, Charles H. Stewart, to proceed immediately to Montreal to lay open the case before the Governor General and other official men who were likely to be deceived and imposed upon by the slave power of Maryland, which by fraud or devility could easily fling upon quite a plausible case. I saw the propriety of his proceeding to Montreal, and advised him, and arranged matters accordingly. I wrote down to official men as quick as possible, giving them an outline of the case, and furnished brother Y. with letters of introduction at London, Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston and Montreal. I carried him on his way 60 miles, to London, where we parted, with the understanding that we were to meet again, Divine Providence permitting, at Toronto, on his return from Montreal. It was then our intention to travel together, and visit the Queen's Bush and other prominent colored settlements in Canada West.

At Toronto brother Y. was cordially received on his way down, and had a most gratifying interview with Col. Prince, to whom he had an introduction from Lawyer C. H. Stewart of Detroit. Stewart cited the case of Nelson Hackett, with which Col. Prince was familiar, as a palpable imposition by the slave-power upon the Canadian Government. Col. Prince having influence with the Government, favored his mission to Montreal. At Montreal he was courteously received by official men, with the exception of the Attorney General of Canada West. As in this base nothing good can be said of him, I will not mention his name. Major Campbell the Private Secretary received him cordially, and his interview with him was highly gratifying, and equally or more so with Attorney General Badgely, of Canada East, who, on looking fully into the merits of the case, with the Ashburton Treaty fully in view, most sincerely pledged for Isaac Brown protection, saying 'he should be as safe as if he was in London, England,' and expressing his thanks to Mr. Young for his timely and important visit. Two days after he had secured the protection of Brown, two slave hunters from Maryland were in Montreal before the government making application for Brown's arrest and delivery as a fugitive from justice! But they were to be thwarted and disappointed. Brother Young sought an interview with them when they came out from before the Governor, and seeing they appeared to need some one to comfort them, he told them plainly that he was the man who brought to this country the fugitive they were after, and he thanked God that he was beyond their reach. At this announcement they were as fierce and ravenous as wild beasts, and said they would soon lynch him if they had him in Baltimore. He told them that he was aware of that, and gave them a good opportunity to show a large number of bystanders what manner of spirit they were of. They said they would no longer talk with one 'who sympathized with niggers.' There was a general burst of indignation from the people, which made them very uneasy, so they sneaked off, and were scouted as they went.

Brother Young came back to Toronto in good spirits and gave a remarkably interesting account of his reception and success at Montreal. The colored people of Toronto wishing to render honor to whom honor was due, addressed the Attorney General of Canada East as follows:—

TO THE HON. MR. BADGELY, Attorney General of Canada East, M. P. P. 4c. 4c. 4c.
We, the undersigned, as colored citizens of Toronto and vicinity, and loyal and dutiful subjects of her Majesty's just and powerful government, take pleasure in availing ourselves of this opportunity to express to you our sincere thanks for the courteous and Christian-like manner in which you recently received our kind and worthy friend, the Rev. Samuel Young, of New-York, who is known to be deeply



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ly interested in the protection and welfare of our afflicted brethren in the United States of America, especially as evinced in the case of an innocent but deeply injured and persecuted man, who has lately found his way to this asylum from the midst of Republican despotism and Slavery.
Inasmuch as we deeply and tenderly sympathize with our honored advocate and brother above named in his philanthropic and praiseworthy exertions for the deliverance of the innocent, unoffending fugitives from the bloody grasp of the avaricious slaveholder, we cannot find language to express fully our grateful obligations to you for giving him the hand of friendship, and his worthy cause such candid and earnest attention as could be looked for only in an official gentleman possessed of a noble and philanthropic mind.
May the Divine blessing attend you in all the relations you sustain, to the end of your earthly pilgrimage, and especially in the discharge of the sacred duties which devolve upon you in your official capacity.
Toronto, August 24th, 1847.

All men are born free and equal—with certain natural, essential and unalienable rights—among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.
Three millions of the American people are in chains and slavery—held as chattels personal, and bought and sold as marketable commodities.
Seventy thousand infants, the offspring of slave parents, kidnapped as soon as born, and permanently added to the slave population of Christian, (1) Republican, (2) America every year.
Immediate, Unconditional Emancipation.
Slaveholders, Slave-traders and Slave-drivers are to be placed on the same level of infamy, and in the same fiendish category, as kidnappers and men-stealers—a race of monsters unparalleled in their assumption of power, and their despotism of cruelty.
The existing Constitution of the United States is a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell.
NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

J. BROWN VERRINTON, PRINTER.

WHOLE NO. 875.

SELECTIONS.

From the Belfast Northern Whig.
CORRESPONDENCE.

To the EDITOR OF THE NORTHERN WHIG:
Sir,—Will you do me the kindness to give the accompanying letter a place in your paper? It refers to a report you gave of a speech of the Rev. Dr. Montgomery, in which he misinterpreted some expressions of mine. I regret I cannot give you his courteous replies, as he marked his communications 'private.' Three other letters passed between us, of an explanatory character. The enclosed one will serve to set me right with your readers.
I am, Sir, yours, respectfully,
JAMES HAUGHTON.
35 Eccles Street, Dublin,
9th August, 1847.
35 Eccles Street, Dublin, July 27, 1847.
MY DEAR SIR,—Through the kindness of a friend, I have been sent a copy of The Northern Whig which contains a report of the Unitarian proceedings on the subject of slavery in America. In that report there is much that is heart-cheering, with some matters that will excite the friends of emancipation to regret that there is still much need of a clearer view of the iniquities of slavery among our people. I rejoice that the question is now fairly opened among the Unitarians of these kingdoms, and I trust, for the honor of our body, and for the sake of Christianity, that we will never allow it to go to rest until the monstrous iniquity shall be overthrown.
From the decided stand you have taken in opposition to slaveholders, I have no doubt that you will soon see it necessary to visit, with your stern rebuke, their scarcely less guilty apologists; and that among these you will rank all who do not do something in favor of emancipation. The mere profession of a horror of slavery on the part of some Unitarians in America, when in correspondence with persons in these lands, will not long serve to maintain an honest name among us. When you send out an answer to the invitation referred to, in accordance with your own strong sentiments of abhorrence of slaveholders and their abettors, and with the sentiments of others who spoke on the occasion referred to, you will find no friendly response from some of the men in America who now esteem so highly, but whose life, heretofore, I consider anything but conducive to the spread of Christianity. More cordial letters to the Dublin Unitarians sent them, could hardly be penned, and yet their return has been unbecomingly silent. It is not the language we use, it is the truth we tell, that irritates wrong doers. Doctor Follen was one of the mildest of men, and yet he was persecuted with unrelenting hatred by pro-slavery Unitarians. Rev. Samuel May's letter in the Inquirer, will give you an idea of Doctor Parkman's shameful career as a professing Christian minister. When he visited me here, I soon discovered that he had no claim to be called an abolitionist, indeed he disclaimed the title. It is a mistake to suppose that abolitionists find fault with such men as Doctor Parkman, because they do not unite with them in action, it is because they are found experimentally to be opposed to all action in favor of the colored man.
Excuse this long preface. I took up my pen to draw your attention to the following paragraph, in your speech, as given in The Whig of the 24th instant:
'He had been told, on the authority of his friend Mr. James Haughton, of Dublin, that the 171 Ministers who had signed the address sent over, were hypocrites, and that they did not entertain the views set forth in it.'
I am not aware that I gave utterance to such sentiments. I believe some of the men who signed that address, are of the 'salt of the earth'; I hope they are all honest men; I know nothing to the contrary. But the mere signing of that address will not suffice; they must carry it out in the practice of their lives. As you and Mr. Porter reasoned on the impression, that I called these men hypocrites, I shall feel obliged by your letting me know whence you got the idea. If ever I find a recently published myself so improperly, I would like to make a public apology; and, if I charge have arisen, as I am satisfied it has, in some misconception, I ought to be set right in the minds of those who must now think that I acted unjustly, if not wickedly.
For your own kind expressions in my behalf, accept my best thanks; I am happy to be reckoned in the list of your friends.
Mr. Porter's warm expressions, in disapprobation of the harsh language said to be used by that noble-hearted man, William Lloyd Garrison, caused me to smile as I had finished his speech; from which equally severe and equally true language he was readily culled,—for instance, he accuses all our 'brethren in America' of 'depraved violation of principle,' and so almost all of those are guilty, in the matter alluded to; yet, the words are severe, but could words less severe convey our justly indignant sentiments, in relation to American prejudice against color?
Faithfully yours,
JAMES HAUGHTON.
Rev. H. Montgomery, L.L.D.
If you are about to leave a neighbor's house, don't stand stammering and fumbling and saying, 'well, I must be going.' When you get ready go, immediately.

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THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN TUNIS.

Our readers are aware of the great fact that the Bey of Tunis has abolished slavery in his Kingdom. The official details were not known till the publication, recently, by the British Government, of the 'Slave Trade Documents.' Among these is the following letter of the Bey to Sir Thomas Reade, H. B. M. Consul General, and his Proclamation of Liberty.—Great honor is due to Sir Thomas for his agency in this matter; an honor which he will be sure to receive. When will this nation take its place, as a civilized community, by the side of the Barbary Regency of Tunis?—q.

THE BEY OF TUNIS TO SIR THOMAS READE.

[TRANSLATION.]

25 MOHARRER ELKRAM, (22 January, 1846). From the servant of God, the Mushir Ahmed Beja Bey, Prince of the Tunisian Dominions.

To our ally Sir Thomas Reade, Consul-General for the British Government at Tunis.

Whereas our aversion to the thralldom imposed on the human kind, which debases it to the condition of the brute creation, is well known to you, having conversed together on this matter.

Our attention has been directed to the repression of this traffic, as well as to its total abolition, with a due regard, however, to the interests of our subjects, so as not to cause them a loss of property.

We commenced first by prohibiting their embarkation for foreign countries as objects of commerce, as we wrote to you on the 9th Rabiul Ist, 1257.

Subsequent to which we sent orders to the places situated on the coast of the country coming from Ghadames, not to permit any person to enter our territory with any slave as an article of sale; and should any refuse to do so, and not return, the slave should be liberated to his loss, conformably to what we informed you on the 17th Rabiul Ist, 1258.

We afterwards abolished the market established for their sale in our capital, (thus giving up the revenue which our Government resped from it,) declared all slaves that should enter our kingdom by land or by sea, should be free; and further ordered that every one born a slave on our dominions should be considered free from the very instant of his birth, and that he could neither be sold or bought, as we informed you thereof on the 6th Dyakanda, 1258.

Our resolutions were likewise strengthened, and we felt a real satisfaction at the accord which existed between our sentiments and those expressed by the Anti-Slavery Society, which enables itself by upholding the dignity of mankind, in the letter we received on its part, and which we answered on Rabiul Ist, 1258.

This affair never ceased to be the object of our attention, as well as the central point of our consideration; and we have thought proper to publish, that we have abolished slavery in all our dominions; for we consider all slaves existing in our territory as being free, and do not recognize the legality of their being in slavery.

We have sent our orders to the sanctuary of Sidi Mahrez in town, and to the sanctuary of Ez-Zawia Elouaria, in the suburb of Bab Essouk, as well as in that of Sidi Mousour, in the suburb of Bab Elgezah, with the object of writing in favor of such slaves as should present themselves to them a document constituting them free on our part, and which document shall be presented to us for the signature of our seal; and no right of property on their persons shall be alleged by their masters.

We have likewise sent the necessary orders to all the governors in our Tunisian Kingdom; and having determined on writing a circular to all the consuls of friendly governments in our capital, you shall equally with them receive a copy of such a circular. We hastened to forward to you this letter, for you knew our sentiments and what we spoke together on the subject.

We think Providence for the aid it has afforded us in putting an end to this business, which we know is also an object of attention to the great and glorious British Government; and we pray the Most High that our opinions may be also in unison with their own in every point.

May the Lord keep you in his safeguard.

Circular addressed by the Bey of Tunis to all the Consuls.

[TRANSLATION.]

From the servant of God, the Mushir Ahmed Beja Bey, Prince of the Tunisian Dominions.

To our ally Sir Thomas Reade, Consul-General for the British Government at Tunis.

The servitude imposed on a part of the human kind whom God has created is a very cruel thing, and our heart shrinks from it.

It never ceased to be the object of our attention for years past, which we employed in adopting such proper means as could bring us to its extinction; and we have thought proper to publish that we have abolished men's slavery in all our dominions, inasmuch as we regard all slaves who are on our territory as free, and do not recognize the legality of their being kept as a property.

We have sent the necessary orders to all the governors of our Tunisian Kingdom, and inform you thereof in order that you may know that all slaves that shall touch our territory, by sea or by land, shall become free.

May you live under the protection of God!

Written in Moharrir, 1262, (23d January, 1846).

REPORT OF THE MEXICAN COMMISSIONERS.

[TRANSLATION.]

To the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Most EXCELLENT SIR:—Although we have, from day to day, given an account to the supreme government of the progress of our conferences with the most excellent Don Nicholas Trist, commissioner with full powers by the United States, we nevertheless deem it proper to recapitulate here it writing, that which we have only had the honor to state to you at large.

In the evening of the 57th of August last, we met for the first time in the town of Atzacapuzaco. Having exchanged our powers, we found those of Mr. Trist most ample to treat of all the existing differences between Mexico and the United States, to define the limits of the two countries, and definitively conclude a peace. Ours were restricted to receiving the propositions of his government, if they appeared in writing, and to embody them in conference with him in a memorandum, if they should be made to us orally. As Mr. Trist might have made some remark upon the limitation of our powers, we quieted him by explaining that when the time for treating came, a full authority would be presented. He at once handed us the draught of a treaty which he the same night presented to the President.

On Wednesday we showed the full powers which the supreme government was pleased to confer upon us, and we entered with Mr. Trist into a lengthened, though calm discussion upon the principal points of the draught, which was continued throughout the subsequent Thursday. The particulars thereof we have communicated to the supreme government. The point upon which, as a result of the discussion, the negotiation stopped, was this: Mr. Trist showed himself disposed to abandon his first pretensions to Lower California and to a part of Upper California, by which the former might communicate by land with Sonora. He offered that if we remained on either point, the difference for the conclusion of peace than that relative to the territory which comprised between the Bravo and the Nueces, he would consult his government upon it with some hope of a good result, although this step must occasion a delay of forty odd days in the negotiation. But the cession of New Mexico on our part, was a condition which could not be yielded; nor would he refer it anew to Washington, as he was quite certain that his government considered it a condition sine qua non of peace. The other points referred to in the draught seemed to us attainable by adopting on both sides terms of accommodation. Such, at least, was the opinion which we formed at the conferences.

Having given an account to the supreme government of that which had taken place, your excellency communicated to us your final determination in the note of yesterday; conformably to which, and with the approbation of the cabinet council, we forthwith drew up, and on the same day delivered to Mr. Trist the counter draught and note; copies of which (numbered 1 and 2) are hereto annex-

ed. Without any fresh discussion, he off red to answer to-day, which he has done in the note of which the annexed (No. 3) is a copy. That puts an end to the commission with which the supreme government pleased to honor us, although in a manner contrary to our sincere desires and our endeavors throughout the negotiation.

Be pleased to give to the supreme government an account of the whole, and receive our devotion and respect.

God and liberty!

Mexico, 7th September, 1847.

JOSE J. DE HERRERA,
IGNACIO MORA Y VILLAMIL,
BERNARDO COUTO,
MIGUEL ATRISTAIN.

To his Excellency the Minister of Interior and Foreign Relations.

THE LIBERATOR.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 15, 1847.

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

The success of General Scott, as far as taking possession of Mexico is concerned, seems now to be beyond a doubt. The negotiations for peace between the most excellent Don Nicholas Trist, and the Mexican Commissioners, having failed, owing to the outrageous exactions of that most excellent representative of 'Anglo-Saxondom,' the armistice was terminated on the 8th of September, each General complaining that its terms had been infringed by the other. On that day the fighting recommenced, and was continued, some accounts say until the 13th and others until the 16th, when the American Army took possession of the city. The loss on both sides appears to have been severe; but no particulars have reached us, as yet. It is said that General Bravo, whose name is historical in connection with the Mexican war of Independence and with the history of his country since, was killed. Also that President Santa Anna was wounded in the arm, and had withdrawn with the remains of his army to Guadalupe.

The correspondence between the American and Mexican Commissioners, and between Generals Scott and Santa Anna, is published in the Union; and we think no one can read it and wonder at the refusal of the Mexicans to agree to Mr. Trist's demands, or fail to feel an increased respect for the ability and character of the public men of Mexico. We have room only for an extract from the final report of the Mexican Commissioners to the Supreme Government, which may be found in another place, and which briefly recounts the points of the disagreement. Mr. Trist only asked for the whole of New Mexico and the California, besides Texas and to have a free passage, at once, for goods and persons, belonging to the United States, across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and a passage on equal terms with the Mexicans by any Railway or Canal that Mexico may hereafter establish across said Isthmus. Which is about equivalent to a proposition from England, had we gone to war with her about the Antiochian lands, that she would grant us peace if we would cede to her all the New-England States and New York, and allow a free transit for her ships and goods across our territory, or on the same terms as our own citizens!

In return the United States agrees to abandon all claims on Mexico on account of the expenses of the war! (Although the Union intimates that Mr. Trist transcended his instructions in granting this magnanimous concession.) Also to pay so many dollars as may be agreed upon. And, moreover to assume the Mexican claims! A very economical arrangement this last, if the Government intend to take its time as it has done in the matter of the French Claims, and Mr. Polk designs meeting out the same measure of good faith in the one case as in the other!

This draught being submitted to the Supreme Government, it peremptorily refused, at first, to treat on the terms of any cession of territory, except of Texas as bounded by the Nueces, or of the concession of Tehuantepec privileges demanded. The Commissioners, however, declining to attempt negotiation, upon this basis, powers were granted to them, with a wider margin for conciliation. A project for a treaty was furnished to be submitted to Mr. Trist, which fixed as the boundaries of the two countries, the river Nueces to its source, then a straight line to the boundary of New Mexico, then a straight line to the Pacific Ocean. This would give us a strip of territory 300 miles wide and 1400 long, or 420,000 square miles. It would include Monterey on the Pacific, the fine Bay and Harbor of San Francisco, the large river Timpanogus, almost the whole of the Buena Ventura, and the Rio del Norte for about 500 miles from its course. A pretty good slice, one would think, of our neighbor's cake! Especially when we consider that it would have secured to us the only navigable rivers and the best, not to say the only good, harbors from Veracruz to the Gulf of Mexico! And, moreover, that we had done nothing to earn it besides knocking the rightful owners on the head! It was something as if we had been willing to grant England, in the case just supposed, all of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, and half of New York! Only this strip would have contained only a quarter as many square miles as that Mexico offered us!

It will be noted that this line would be almost identical with that of the Missouri Compromise, 36° 30m. as to the greatest part of the new territory to be acquired by the United States, Texas being already a part of them, so that Slavery would have taken little or nothing by this motion. Mr. Trist was graciously willing, like a true slaveholder, to take into consideration any concessions as to territory, which would only go to strengthen the power of the Free States; so he was ready to refer so much of the Mexican propositions as related to the California to his Government, provided he could have forty eight days to communicate with it. But as to New Mexico, the prey which Slavery had marked out for herself, he was not to be moved, nor would he refer that question to his government, being certain that its cession was a sine qua non of peace. The Mexican Commissioners being equally determined against granting the Americans forty-eight days to concentrate troops, under pretence of communication with Washington, and against any cession of New Mexico, the negotiations were broken up. So the armistice was terminated and the fighting began again. After a sufficient number of men had been killed in the open field, and a proper quantity of women and children blown to pieces in the bombardment of the city, the American army took possession of it, and the Star-Spangled banner floated over the Halls of the Montezumas. Or to use the striking language of the Union, 'we had stricken down the Mexican eagle, standing on the prickly pear, with the rattlesnake in his mouth, and substituted our own flag and our own North American eagle!'

Our country's bird is sitting by, a single out-hoarse!

This contumacious spirit on the part of the Mexicans, has aroused the lofty patriotism of this great people. The Washington Union, speaking for the Government and the Dominant Party, says:—

'The maddened course of Mexico calls for all our energies. We have offered the olive-branch three or four times—we have presented her terms of a moderate character. She has disdained our overtures, and rejected our terms, and, in lieu of them, proposed other terms which would cover us with disgrace.'

We must hesitate no longer. We must make Mexico feel the pressure and power of war—her ports occupied, troops thrown upon her country to overrun and overwhelm her, supported by requisitions upon her infuriated people, until she will consent to exchange the horrors of war for the repose of peace. We have talked long enough. We have shown humanity to her, until it has become cruelty to ourselves. We must be done with this kind of war, too much like a peace; and we must conquer a peace by those means only which are calculated to effect it!

It is understood that the editorials of the Union are generally written by a native of Massachusetts, a graduate, with the highest honors, of the neighboring University, in the class of Wendell Phillips. While we regret that this gentleman should thus dishonor his birth and his breeding, we fear that he speaks but too truly the sentiment of more than the Administration party, even of his native Massachusetts. Even Massachusetts sends up her sons to the help of Polk against the Mighty! Or rather against the weak! And his tools in this dirty work are honored with the ballot-honor of a generation unworthy to tread the soil once hallowed by the foot-steps of Freedom, a generation forgetful of

'Their birth, their blood, and that sublime record Of hero-sires, who shame her now degenerate horde!'

But unanimous as a power-loving Majority, and a Tariff-loving Minority, may be in favor of conquering a peace by the vigorous prosecution of a war, which at once gives patronage and demands revenue, it may not be so easily done as said. It is not so easy a matter to 'overturn and overwhelm' a country of the extent, and with the number and character of the population, of Mexico. Our army, victorious as it may be, holds no more territory than it stands upon. General Scott is in the City of Mexico; but the Republic is no nearer being conquered than when General Taylor first crossed the Nueces. The road from Vera Cruz to the Capital swarms with Guerillas, and General Paredes, one of the best officers and most desperate fighters on the Continent, is somewhere in that direction with a considerable force. Reinforcements cannot reach the Commander-in-Chief without hard fighting. He is himself in a hostile City, and surrounded by a hostile population, enraged by the atrocities perpetrated by his soldiery. It should be remembered that Joseph Bonaparte lived several years in Madrid, and was the nominal King of Spain; but his sovereignty was the ulcer that eat out the heart of the Napoleonic Dynasty. The Spanish blood is as remarkable, in its way, as the Anglo-Saxon. It has been found very hard to conquer, from the siege of Saguntum down to that of Saragossa. The victories gained over it have usually cost as much as defeats, and been attended with small permanent advantage.—q.

GENERAL SANTA ANNA.

This Mexican Chief has certainly won for himself a high rank in the order of greatness to which he aspires. Few men in history have done as much as he towards rallying the energies of a nation, and directing them to a great end. Considering the materials he has had to work with, he is not unworthy to be placed in the same category with Frederick the Great. Though overwhelmed with repeated reverses, he has never been disheartened, but has applied himself to making them good again. After the flower of the Mexican army had been cut off at Palo Alto and Monterey, he assembled and disciplined an army of twenty thousand men, and all but demolished General Taylor. Defeated there, however, and his army broken up, he is found again at the head of a formidable force at Cerro Gordo, which gave General Scott two days hard work. His army was dispersed anew, and it was thought he could not rally again; but lo! at Chihuahua, and afterwards at Mexico, he was in stronger force than ever, and gave the most desperate battle of all. And though defeated again, he is not cast down, but is preparing to give the enemy fresh annoyance.

The secret of the success of the American army is to be found in the superiority of its discipline. Success in war depends almost solely on the strictness of the subordination of the troops. The nearer a man is reduced to the condition of a machine, the better soldier he is. And this, from the second in command downwards. An army of a hundred thousand men, to be effective, must be a weapon, as entirely under the control of the single mind of the Commander-in-Chief as his own sword. This is evidently the great defect in the Mexican army. The men, undeniably, fight as well as any troops; but they will not always, and especially the general officers, obey orders. Now, General Worth and General Wool know that if they behaved as General Valencia did at Chihuahua, they would be cashiered, if not shot, within a week. But it does not appear that General Valencia has even received any military censure.

This is the main difference between the two armies. But, then, there is the moral difference between a small force in the heart of an enemy's country, which knows that it must either die or die, and a much greater number, who have their own country to fall back upon, and who feel that if defeated now, they can try it again. The force of desperation is, undoubtedly, one of the strongest that can bind men together, and impel them upon a more numerous enemy. This was the secret of Cortes's success, and this is no small part of that of this new Brummingham Cortes of ours. In view of this element, and of the distracted political state of Mexico, of which one can hardly form an idea in this country, it is almost miraculous that such head has been so often made against the invaders. That it would be hard to make a Spanish nation submit to an invading power was easy to conceive, for this depended on the blood and the national feeling of the individuals. But that a people, so divided, could be brought together so often, and after such defeats in the field, in numbers sufficient to make such fierce battle, is owing to the personal character of the Chief of the Nation. If Mexico, as has been said, is thinking of establishing a Monarchy, she surely need not go to the worn-out royalties of Europe for a head fit to wear her Crown.

Though the order of General Santa Anna's greatness may not be the highest, still his rank in that order is of the first grade. His attitude is one which it was said of old the Gods delight to look upon:

'A great man struggling with the storms of Fate, And greatly falling with a falling State!'

But Mexico is not fallen yet; she may still recover her losses and roll back the barbarian hordes of this invasion. Napoleon is said to have taught Europe how to conquer himself. General Scott, though no Napoleon, may teach the Mexicans, in like manner, the necessary lesson of union and subordination. With these, it is impossible that they should not be able to crush any force we can send against them. They have the cause, which all but the most ultra of Peace men consider as the holiest of all, and a justification of war, even 'to

the knife,' as Palfox said at Saragossa. They are fighting, literally, *pro aris et focis*, for their altars and their firesides. Every lover of Freedom and humanity, throughout the world, must wish them the most triumphant success. With union and discipline they can hardly fail to make this war as disgraceful to this Nation in its issue, as it was infamous in its inception.—q.

AMERICAN FASTIMES IN MEXICO!

All truly patriotic spirits will rejoice to learn that our gallant troops in Mexico are not without their innocent recreations. Accounts tell of their having had the rare gratification of seeing seventy men hanged at once. This was Riley and his company of deserters, mostly Irishmen. He was formerly a Sergeant in the 66th (British) Regiment, from which he deserted to us, and was for some time drill-sergeant at West Point. For having repeated the same capade for which we had rewarded him so well, he has been handed over to the Provost Marshal, with seventy of his companions. At least, such is the report. We forbear the comments which such an atrocity would excite, until it is confirmed. Although it is hard to say why the murdering of seventy men by strangulation is any worse than murdering them by gun-shot wounds and the bayonet; still, we trust that it will be found to be an exaggerated rumor.

But ever if this news be too good to be true, and they have not been indulged in the luxury of a hanging on such a magnificent scale as this, it appears that our brave champions of their country's honor have not been wanting to themselves in the pursuit of such amusements as came within their reach. Their character may be gathered from the following indignant passage in the letter of General Santa Anna, in reply to the one from General Scott complaining that the transmission of provisions from the city to the army, guaranteed by the armistice, had been obstructed. This charge he denies, declaring that any obstruction had been 'owing to the imprudence of the American Agents, who, without having a proper understanding with the proper authorities, gave occasion for popular outbreaks, which it has caused the Mexican Government much trouble to repress,' and that whatever orders had been given, were for the purpose of expediting, and not of obstructing, the furnishing of supplies to the authorized agents. He then proceeds to make the following expostulation in return, which, for conciseness of statement and earnest dignity of remonstrance, is not surpassed by any State paper within our knowledge:—

'It is not without great grief, and even indignation, that I have received communications from the cities and villages occupied by the army of your excellency, in relation to the violation of the temples consecrated to the worship of God, to the plunder of the sacred vases, and to the profanation of the images venerated by the Mexican people. Profoundly have I been affected by the complaints of fathers and husbands of the violence offered to their daughters and wives; and these same cities and villages have been sacked, not only in violation of the armistice, but of the sacred principles proclaimed and respected by civilized nations. I have observed silence to the present moment, in order not to obstruct the progress of negotiations which held out the hope of terminating a sanguinary war, and one which your excellency has characterized, so justly, as unnatural. But I shall desist offering apologies, because I cannot be blind to the truth that the true cause of the threats of renewing hostilities, contained in the note of your excellency, is, that I have not been willing to sign a treaty which would lessen considerably the territory of the republic, and not only the territory of the republic, but that dignity and integrity which all nations defend to the last extremity; and if these considerations have not the same weight in the mind of your excellency, the responsibility before the world, who can easily distinguish on whose side is moderation and justice, will fall upon you!'

It is observable that the specifications in this extract have been copied into very few papers, of any party; they having usually contented themselves with a general allusion to them.

'Such things we know must be, In every glorious victory!'

But it is more agreeable to our American way of doing things, to keep them out of sight. These outrages are winked at in every invading army, as the price of submission to the necessary discipline and hardship in the field of battle. No denial of them appears on the part of General Scott, who thus virtually admits them. If the poor Irishmen, we have spoken of, deserved to be hanged for exchanging a bad cause for a good one, what fate do these wretches merit? And what distinction can there be justly made between the officers who permit and the soldiers who commit them?—Would it be more than the satisfaction of justice, as justice is counted in this world, were all these miscreants, from the least unto the greatest, hanged like wild beasts, and put to the sword?—q.

THE POPE, THE BEY, AND THE PRESIDENT.

Strange are the mutations which Time works in human things! Passing strange the overturn which he compels of pre-conceived opinions and inherited prejudices! The Pope a political Reformer! A Barbary Bey an Abolitionist! And the President of the Model Republic a propagandist of human Slavery! These are odd things to hear and say; but they are the simple truth. They furnish ample food for the meditation of the philosopher, the reflection of the moralist, and the sneer of the scoffer.

For how many years has poor Protestantism trembled at the name of the Pope, and he been tricked out as a horrible bugbear to frighten grown children withal. He has been looked upon as the very synonyme of spiritual and temporal despotism, and men have been brought up to consider him as the worst person in the old Whig Trinity of the Devil, the Pope and the Pretender. And, now, the Holy Father, instead of being the dread, is the main hope of liberty. He is using his spiritual and temporal power for the redress of old abuses. He is the idol of his own subjects, and the hope of all liberal Italy. The Austrian moves upon him, and all Italy, and almost all Europe, is ready to fly to arms in his defence. The prophecy of the poet as to the redemption of Italy, seems to be on the point of literal fulfilment:—

'Europe, repentant of her paricide, Shall yet redeem thee! And, all backward driven, Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven!'

He occupies, at this moment, the proudest and the most interesting position of any prince of Europe. Protestant bigots, alone, sympathize with the tyrants, in their dread of his influence. And they have reason. Dr. Beecher will have to preach a long while to persuade sensible men that Pius IX. is not as good a Head of the Church as any Protestant Pope of them all!

And, then, on the opposite side of the Mediterranean, a disciple of Mahomet turns fanatic, incendiary and enthusiast, and proclaims the heresy that he regards 'all slaves on his territory as free, and does not recognize the legality of their being kept as property.' He first forbade the trade in slaves in 1841; in 1842 he razed the slave-market to the ground; and in January, 1846, he entirely abolished slavery, throughout his dominions. His letter to Sir Thomas Reade, and his proclamation, on the subject, may be found in another place. Here is a fit missionary ground for the American Board. Here is an ungenerous prince, whose ignorance and folly cry aloud for the interpolation of American

Piety. And his case will be the more interesting to those pillars of the same, Chancellor Walworth and Dr. Taylor, inasmuch as we have no reason to believe that he has put away his superannuated wives. Perhaps upon his conversion he might be prevailed upon, in entire consistency with the principles of the Board, to re-establish Slavery on condition that he is allowed to retain his Zenana.

It really seems as if the Pope, that Pagan, full of pride, had conspired with this follower of Mahomet, to make 'our President' contemptible and odious in the sight of all men. What business have they to be reforming abuses and abolishing Slavery, while the Incarnate Embodiment of American Republicanism buys and sells men, is made President on this very account, and is now cutting the throats of his neighbors for no reason except that they abolished Slavery themselves, and will not let us have their lands to re-establish it! It is the height of insolence on their part, and a much better cause of war than any Mexico has given us. And Mr. Polk is a pious man, too. He will not travel on Sundays, or have a ball at the White House, as he values his salvation. And Mrs. Polk, alas, we are assured by a Washington correspondent of a Boston paper, 'is not ashamed to acknowledge her dependence upon God! If things are permitted to go on at this rate, it will not be long before people will begin to think Popery and Mahometanism better than American Christianity,' and to prefer to live under the political auspices of Rome or Tunis than under those of the Model Republic!—q.

MR. GARRISON.

Letters have been received from Mr. Garrison, dictated by himself, which inform us of his continued, though very gradual, convalescence. He has been very ill, more so than we had inferred from the accounts previously received; but is now considered out of danger. He will not, however, be able to begin his homeward journey, before the beginning of next month.

His friends will be pleased to hear that Henry C. Wright, who was here on a visit at the time, upon the arrival of these letters, immediately proceeded to Cleveland, to remain with him during his confinement there, and to accompany him home. We are sure that there is no face, out of the beloved circle of his own home, that will be hailed by Mr. Garrison with more pleasure, than Mr. Wright's. May his presence bring healing with it!—q.

LETTER FROM EDWARD SEARCH.

MOSWELL HILL, (England,) August, 1847.

DEAR GARRISON:—You do not suffer the misfortune which some great men have, of being born before your day. Where the Anglo-American now goes, there will also go the voice of Abolition; and that voice is the voice of freedom and charity, and will raise discussion, and strengthen opinion in favor of emancipation; and the opinion of to-day becomes the action of to-morrow. Remember that the abuse of abolition and abolitionists is evidence of progress—they do not abuse the advocacy of a principle unless they fear it; when danger is not apprehended, the warden gives no alarm. Consider abuse as encouragement.

Nothing has done your cause so much good as speaking in plain words your convictions; calling a spade a spade, a thief a thief. Means must be suited to the end, and to the circumstances in which we are called upon to act, and it is by shocking men's prejudices in the first instance, and not by complimenting and blurring them, that you can arouse them when they are dead in trespasses and sins. What would Luther have accomplished had he not spoken out, had he spoken gently, as Teitel and the lovers of indulgences and the corruptions of his day would have deemed graciously and tolerable? Your slaveholders would not tolerate gentle speaking any more than the roughness of truth; were you to seek to adapt your language to their feelings, you would accomplish no purpose. It is not as though they could bear your principles, but only quarrelled with your mode of expressing them, but that they hate your principles and purpose, and therefore take exception to your mode. The lukewarm and dishonest among them, having knowledge that the thing is wrong, but having only a shimmering of zeal, cry out against your mode because it makes the wrong too palpable for the Laodiceans to pass by quietly on the other side. They are obliged to take some notice of the wrong they would shut their eyes to. You make them, by the strength of your language, to be observed, when they are thinking to pass by on the other side. Very wished men to believe that they would have poured forth their wine and oil had they been gently entreated. The writer of the Revelations understood these men: 'I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot; so because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth. As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten. Be zealous, therefore, and repent.'

I have been led to think of this subject of speaking out by the course which our Unitarian ministers took at the last year's gathering of the Unitarian body. You have noticed, I think, in the Liberator, (I am not certain whether it was in the Liberator or Anti-Slavery Standard I read it,) that gathering, and some of the things that were there said and done.—There was a report of it in the Inquirer of June 5th, and in that of June 12th, you will see an excellent letter from your friend J. B. Estlin, on the subject. I need not however trouble you with the report; it would be too late for you to read your columns with it now; but a circumstance that is now passing under your view resulting from it, and the manifestations which took place at that meeting, gave another evidence of the value of your visit to England, and of the services you had done by increasing our knowledge and stirring us up to the perception of the iniquities of the system and the evasiveness of many of your clergy; it did also this additional good: it showed us that our clergy were those who would pass by on the other side, and who would justify themselves by saying that the friends of the man who fell among thieves were too rough in denouncing the thieves. The report in their organ—the Inquirer—though faithful as to what it does state, omits some sayings of one or two of the ministers which it was painful to bear. For it showed how little they were impressed with a just feeling against Slavery. They volunteered to scold certain of the abolitionists for using strong language, and you would have inferred by just analogy, that it was unpardonable to call a spade a spade, but excusable to steal and sell the spade; that Jesus had lived in this day and called the slaveholders who came to his baptism hypocrites, whited sepulchres and a generation of vipers, would have been condemned by these same men for his plainness, whilst the Scribes and Pharisees would have been deemed ill-treated Christian brethren.—Sinners, certainly, these reverend saints would have said, but sinners entitled to Christian fellowship with gentle and polite rebuke only, and that, although they continued to enslave and sell their brethren.

Well, your efforts here have scattered amongst the Unitarian congregations a knowledge of facts and a sense of their duty. At this last annual meeting, the committee had caught a letter signed by a number of Unitarian ministers, and addressed not to themselves: or to the society; but being handed round by some one to whom it was addressed, the committee incorporated it in their report as an invitation to Christian fellowship and a visit to the American churches, and it came by surprise upon the meeting. Fortunately, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Estlin, and two or three of the audience were now alive to the trickery by which those who are practicers and upholders of Slavery in America, manage to talk against Slavery with us, and to pass themselves before us as just men and worthy of acceptance; and seeing that this

same letter invited a visit and intercourse, they immediately said, 'We must know you, and what the letter addressed?' said one. It then appeared that it was not addressed to the society, and it was peeped by the body assembled, show of the existence of a general assembly, show of the existence of the American professors of Anti-Slavery principles. I send you a copy of the letter:—

'The Friends of Unitarian Christianity in Scotland and their Brethren in a common faith in England and Scotland.'

HONORED AND BELOVED.—It is already known to some of you that the anniversary of many of our most important societies, religious and charitable, are steadily held during the last week in May, and the anniversary of our 'American Unitarian Association' will be held this year in Boston, on Tuesday, the 25th of that month.

We number it among the satisfactions and benefits of these, our anniversaries, that they assemble, from distant places of the last, our Christian friends, to reciprocate our views and feelings, to impart information and to quicken each other in the sacred cause in which we are engaged. We earnestly wish that some of you—our brethren in England—might be present with us on these occasions, and more particularly on that to which we have just referred; and it would give us the highest satisfaction to welcome any of our Unitarian friends in your own or any other part of the United Kingdom, on this or any future anniversary, who might be disposed and inclined to come over and help us. We can assure to you the warmest reception that our houses or our hearts, our respect for your characters, our sympathy in your labors, can offer.

We request that this invitation may be accepted by our friends, as well in Scotland as in England, and with our most respectful regards to them and to yourselves, we are, &c.

Christian Brethren, yours in bond of our Common Faith,

Francis Parkman, Extra Sec. Gen., Geo. E. Bennett, Geo. F. Hastings, J. B. Estlin, S. K. Loring, J. L. Coolidge, Frederick T. Gray, R. C. Waterston.

The same invitation has been addressed to our Christian brethren in Ireland.

You may let us know something of the substance, if they are true men it will be pleasing to work with them. You will see the injury which your Unitarianism amongst the ministers are doing for their claim in the opinion of all good men here. Your excellent friend Estlin—in consequence of this matter having been noticed in the recent annual report of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association—has sent round to Unitarians for signature a proposed reply to it, because no official reply has been sent to it, in consequence of the difficulties raised at the meeting as to the character and conduct—in relation to Slavery—of those who signed it. To enable you the better to appreciate Mr. Estlin's proposed answer, I should mention to you that as soon as the letter was read, Mr. Armstrong raised the question whether the conduct of the subscribers to that letter in relation to Slavery was known; and he particularly brought before the meeting the fact, that amongst the Vice-Presidents of the Unitarian Association of the year—then recently closed—there was at least one slaveholder; and an animated discussion arose as to how the letter had got incorporated into the report, and why the Society was called upon by its committee to acknowledge a letter which had not been addressed to them. You will now understand Mr. Estlin's reasons for proposing to send an answer signed by such ministers and laymen as should be willing to sign it

POETRY.

From the London "Punch."
OUR FLIGHT WITH RUSSELL.
Up, up, my Lord John Russell—'tis a fair night for a fly—
Be thou a new Cleopatra—a new Andromeda—
Come, clutch my cloak—and through the smoke to-
gether let us mark
The life of London, huddled 'neath the blanket of
the dark.
The moonlight falls on fair St. Paul's on the Abbey
grim and grey;
Lo! the lamps, like fiery serpents, go winding far
away;
Or, like glow-worms, scattered, twinkle and wink
up from below—
But 'tis not to gaze on this fair sight that through
the night we go.
Not a building brick, or stone, or stick, on those wide
acres thrown,
But bears a tongue within it—bath a language of its
own;
In street and square, and alley bare, with its growth
of human seed,
Is a great book spread beneath us—Look down, my
lord, and read!
In steeples upward springing read prayer struck in
to stone;
In prisons, barred and bastioned, read crime and
curse and gloom;
In lighted West-end houses, read mirth and warmth
and show;
In foul St. Giles' hovels read sorrow, want and wo.
There's a homily—hark to it. 'Tis the voice of Saf-
ron Hill:
'I suffer, how I suffer from my freight of human ill!
All is filthiness without me; all is ignorance within;
I ache with cramps—I shake with damps—Oh the
warmth of glorious gin!
And now for proof—off goes a roof—is that a house
or hire?
Each bed's a room, each room a town, so packed
and yet alive!
Lo, the maggot life of London! And that hopeless,
hapless horde,
In foulness bred, in foulness fed, is work for you, my
lord!
Another and another, and the eighth isn't the same;
Suffering that knows no solace, and sin that knows
no shame.
Hunger by thousand tables; savage life 'mid thou-
sand schools;
Here are human hearts to frame anew—Bethink you
of the tools.
But hark! another voice is up, and pompously it
booms
From well-spread tables, easy beds, and trimly fur-
nished rooms;
'I am Respectability; things must not go on so;
'There's nowhere I can drive my gig, but something
calls out woe.
'Then your sanitary meddlers, all agog for drain
and sewer—
For my part, all I know is, I wish the drains were
fewer;
Poor folks will throw things down 'em—as for un-
wholesome air,
I know our streets' extremely sweet, and that's all
my street!
Whereon chimes in big Bumbledom, 'You're right,
my worthy friend;
'Tis time this stuff and nonsense were brought un-
to an end;
There's the Union Workhouse for the poor—you
should see how we have broke 'em
Into temperance by short diet, into industry by oak-
um.'
But hark! that hoarse and hollow voice—'tis from a
Newgate cell:
'Be silent, heartless blind worms! a different tale I
tell:
I've wrestled crime for centuries, and feeble all I
feel,
Though my bones are bones of granite, and my sin-
ews hammered steel.
'Ye little wot how hard and hot the side of crime
flows ever;
How I laugh my Canute-talk to scorn, and mock my
stern endeavor;
How I laugh aside as east before that fearful sea
Which make a plaything of the scourge, and a toy
of the gallows tree.
'Call Mother Church to help me; let Saint School
do all she can;
Give them child-iron to fight with, and leave me
the full-grown man;
Or soon the evil sps my walls, and downforth will
ye fall,
Master Bumble, Sir Respectable, gig, mace, cocked
hat and all!
The stern sounds cease, the stars look peace on the
streets so still and gray—
And now to Downing street, my lord, with what
appetite you may;
And bethink you of the Lesson of London read
wight,
When, with 'Punch' for guide, you listened to the
Voices of the Night.

MISCELLANY.

DROWNING OF SIX HUNDRED SLAVES.
An incident of the slave trade related in the *Universal*
newspaper.
In the year 1830 there was hovering upon the
African Coast a large clipper brig, called the *Brilliant*,
commanded by a desperado named Homans.
Homans was an Englishman by birth and was
known along the whole coast and in Cuba, as the
most successful slaver of his day. The brig was
owned by two men residing in Havana, one an
Englishman, the other a Spaniard. She was built
to carry six hundred negroes, and in her Homans
had made two successful voyages, actually landing
in Cuba five thousand negroes! The brig carried
ten guns, had thirty sweeps and a crew of sixty
Spaniards, the most of them old pirates as desper-
adoes as their commander. An English brig of war,
which attacked her, was so cut up in hull and rig-
ging, that she was abandoned and soon after sunk;
an English ship of war attempted to carry the
Brilliant with boats, but was beaten off with great
slaughter.
Now it was known that Homans was again on
the coast, and it was resolved to make another
desperate effort to bring him to bay. The arrange-
ments on board. The arrangements were well made.
He was allowed to take his cargo of ne-
groes and set sail.
The *Brilliant* had lost sight of the coast, when
the quick eye of the commander discovered that
he was entrapped. Four cruizers, three English
and one American, had been lying in wait for him,
and escape was hopeless, for returning away from
one he would come within reach of another.
Night was coming on, and Homans was silently
regarding his pursuers, when suddenly the huge
sails of the flag flapped idly, the wind died away,
and the slaver was motionless on the waters.
'This will not do,' Homans muttered, knocking
away the ashes from his cigar; 'their boats will
be down upon me before I am ready for the visit;
and so he said this stern face lit up with a smile,
the expression of which was diabolical. It was
evident he meditated some desperate plan.
A dozen sweeps were got out, and the vessel
moved slowly through the water. Meantime the
darkness having deepened, Homans proceeded to
carry out his design.
The cable attached to the heaviest anchor, was
taken outside the hawser hole, and carried round
the bow, all round the stern, and then forward on
the other side. The hatches were then taken off,
and the negroes passed up, each securely ironed
by the wrists. As the miserable wretches came
from the hold into the fresh air, they expressed
their looks a gratitude that would have softened
the heart of any but the fiend in whose power
they were. Without a word they were led to the
side, made to bend over the rail, outside of which
the chain ran. It was slow work, but at the end
of four hours, 600 hundred Africans, male and
female, were bending over the rail of the brig in
a painful position, holding by their chained hands
a huge cable, which was to be attached to a
heavy anchor, suspended by a single sling from
the bow.
Homans himself examined the fastenings to see
that every negro was strongly bound to the chain.
This done, he ordered the pen work of the hold
to be broken up, brought on deck, bound up in
mattings, well filled with shot and thrown over-
board. The work was completed an hour before
daybreak, and now the only witnesses of Homans'
guilt was attached to the final chain. Homans
turned to his mate, and with a smile full of mean-
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'Harro, take an axe and go forward. The wind
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'The man went forward, and Homans turned
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leave the field with his friend if it occurred again.
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threw away his fire, with a gush of sensibility, he
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from grasping Mr. Clay by the hand, and said—
'My good sir, we have been long separated, but
after the events of to-day, I feel that we must be
friends forever.'
From the Teacher's Advocate.
OLD ENOUGH FOR SCHOOL.
One of the most pernicious customs in society is
that of sending children to school at too early an
age. We hardly enter into a school room without
finding ample evidence that there is a great want
of intelligence or humanity in parents. To get rid
of trouble at home, they are willing to inflict it
upon the teacher at school; to gratify their morose
contemptible vanity they are willing to sacrifice the
health and life of the child; and while this tortur-
ing process is going on at school, the parent is try-
ing to make no visits there. What though its feeble
frame, and less elastic step—its pale cheek and
pensive look, send forth the keen rebuke, and plead
for exercise and pure air? These appeals have no
effect, because the only witnesses of Homans'
guilt was attached to the final chain. Homans
turned to his mate, and with a smile full of mean-
ing, said in Spanish—
'Harro, take an axe and go forward. The wind
will come off to us soon. Listen for the word, and
when you hear it, cut the sling.
'The man went forward, and Homans turned
around to endeavor to generate the darkness.
'I don't want to lose the negroes,' he said, speak-
ing aloud—'and yet I dare not wait until daylight.
'I wish I knew where the bounds were.'
At that instant the report of a gun reached his
ear, then another and another and another in dif-
ferent directions. The cruizers were firing sing-
ly.
'That's enough,' exclaimed Homans. I know
where you are. Then raising his voice he cried,
Harro, are you ready? the wind will reach us
soon.
Ay, ay, sir, was the response.
In a few minutes the sails began to fill, and the
vessel moved slowly through the water.
How much water do you suppose we have here?
asked Homans, turning to the man at the wheel.
Fifty fathoms, at least, was the reply.
That will do, the slaver muttered, and he walked
forward, and carefully examined the 'chain gang,'
as he brutally termed his diabolical invention.
The negroes sent up piteous groans. For many
hours they had endeavored to generate this fatal
position, by which they were suffering the keenest
torment.
The breeze strengthened, the *Brilliant* dashed
like a racer over the deep. Homans hailed from
the quarter deck, while his men, collected in
groups, witnessed unmoved the consumption of
the plan.
Are you ready, Harro?
Ay, ay, sir, was the reply.
Homans looked around and out into the dark-
ness, which was fast giving way to the morn-
—Then he thundered out—
Strike!
There was the sound of a single blow, a heavy
plunge, and as the vessel fell off the side, a crash,
which shook across one terrible shriek—it was the
last cry of the murdered Africans.
One moment more, and all was still—Six hun-
dred human beings had gone down with that
anchor and chain, into the depths of the ocean!
Two hours after daybreak the *Brilliant* was
overhauled. There was no evidence that she was
a slaver. The instructions to cruizers at that time did
not allow a vessel to be captured unless negroes
were found on board.
From Historical Recollections of Virginia.
DUEL BETWEEN RANDOLPH AND CLAY.
The account of the duel which we extract, has
been given to the public in a letter of General
James Hamilton, who accompanied Mr. Randolph
to the field on this occasion, in conjunction with
Colonel Tattall, then in Congress from Georgia—
The night before the duel, Mr. Randolph sent
for me. I found him calm, but in a singularly
fading mood. He told me that he had something
on his mind to tell me.
He then remarked—Hamilton, I am deter-
mined to receive without returning Clay's fire; nothing
shall induce me to harm a hair of his head; I will
not make his wife a widow, or his children or-
phans. Their tears would be shed over his grave;
but when the sod of Virginia rests on my bosom,
there is not in the wide world an individual to pay
this tribute upon mine! His eyes filled, and resting
his head upon his hand, he remained silent.
I replied, 'My dear friend, (for ours was a pos-
sible friendship bequeathed by our mothers,) I
deeply regret that you have mentioned this sub-
ject to me, for you called me to go to the field, and
see you shot down, or to assume the responsibility
in regard to your own life, in sustaining your de-
termination to throw it away. But on this subject
a man's own conscience and his bosom are his best
monitors. I will not advise; but under the most
unprovoked and unprovoked personal insults you have
offered Mr. Clay, I cannot dissuade. I feel bound,
however, to communicate to Col. Tattall your de-
cision.'
He begged me not to do so, and said he was very
much afraid that Tattall would take the steeds,
and refuse to go out with him. I, however, sought
Col. Tattall, and we repaired about midnight to
Mr. Randolph's lodgings, whom we found reading
Milton's great poem. For some moments he did
not permit us to say a word in relation to the ap-
proaching duel, and at once commenced one of
those delightful criticisms in which he was wont so
enthusiastically to indulge.
After a pause, Col. Tattall remarked—Mr.
Randolph, I am told you are determined not to re-
turn Mr. Clay's fire; I must say to you, my dear
sir, if I am only going out to see you shot down,
you must find some other friend!
Col. Tattall then remarked that such was his de-
termination. After much conversation on this sub-
ject, I induced Col. Tattall to allow Mr. Randolph
to take his own course, as his withdrawal as one
of 'friends might lead to very injurious miscon-
structions. At last, Mr. Randolph smilingly said—
Well, Tattall, I promise you one thing, if I see
the devil in Clay's eye, and that with malice pre-

THE LIBERATOR.

pense he means to take my life, I may change my
mind,—a remark I knew he merely made to pro-
pitate the anxiety of his friend.
Mr. Clay and himself met at four o'clock the suc-
ceeding evening on the banks of the Potomac.
But he saw no 'devil in Clay's eye,' but a man
fearless, and expressing the noblest sensibility and
firmness which belonged to the occasion.
I shall never forget this scene as long as I live.
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